

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

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Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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AUGUST, 1928.

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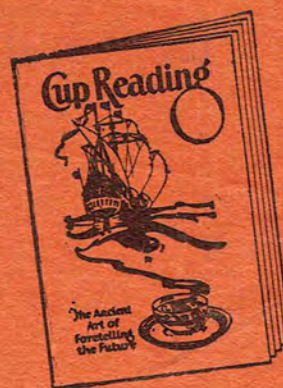
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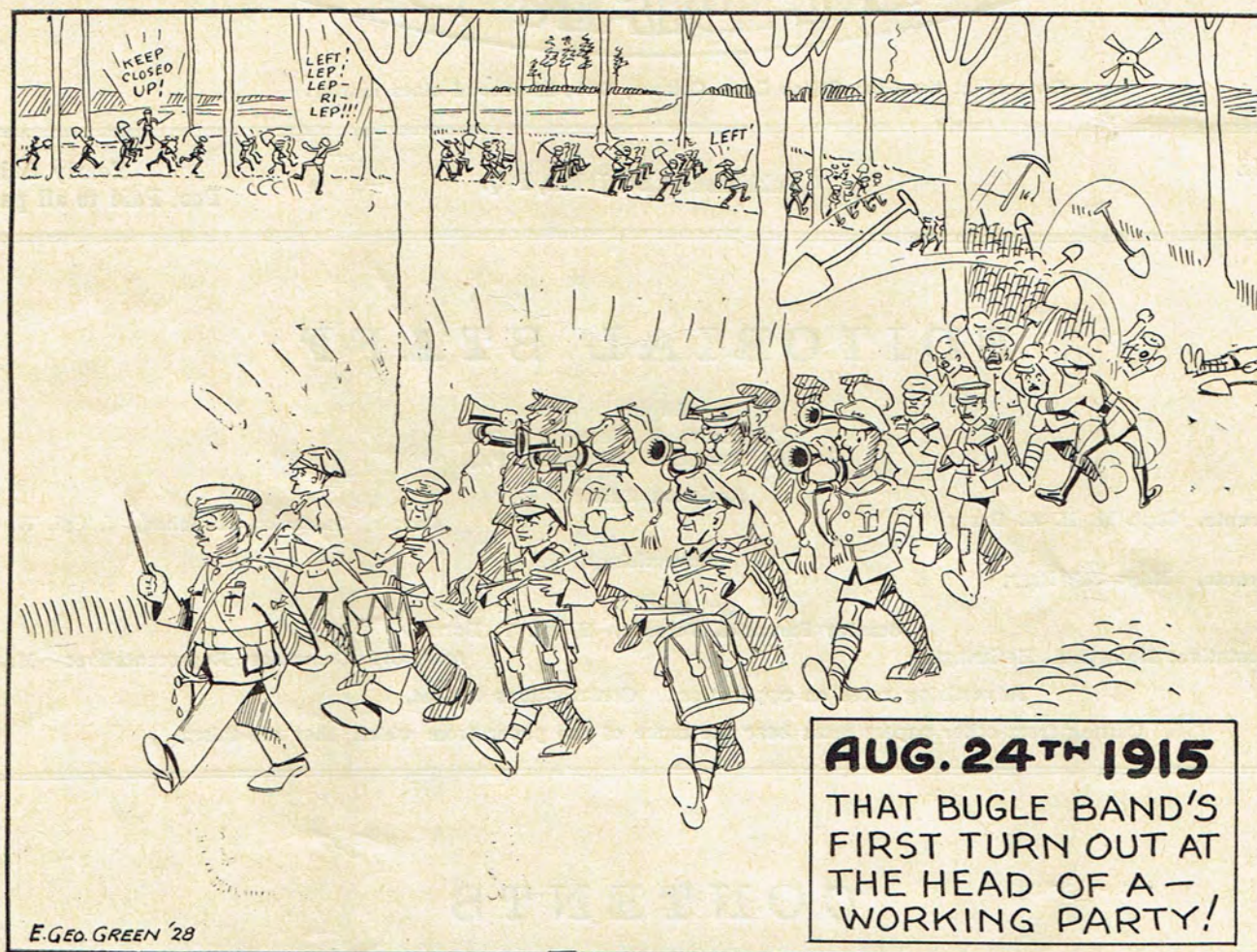
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Personal & Regimental

Our readers by this time have heard of 'A' Squadron's tragic trip from St. Johns, Que., to Petawawa Camp, which resulted in the death of two of our comrades and nine horses. The fact that the accident, (the result of a head-on collision between a heavy freight train and our own at Sand Point, Ontario, six o'clock on the morning of July 25th) was occasioned by our own engineer's having misconstrued orders brings home to us all the fatal results which sometimes occur when we fail to appreciate the responsibilities with which we are entrusted. All who know our late comrades will appreciate the intensity of our sorrow as well as that of their bereaved relatives.

Corporal V. J. Cullinan, who comes from a well-known family in St. John, N.B., died within a few minutes of his being taken from the wreckage. He was on duty in charge of the horse-cars which were directly behind the engine and was accompanied by Tpr. J. Lamarche who, luckily, escaped serious injuries. A true-blue friend, held in the greatest affection by all, he had made an enviable reputation in the P.F. for his outstanding qualities as a non-commissioned officer. Members of the N.P.A.M. are grateful to him for the many occasions on which he assisted them in their courses.

His funeral took place in St. John, N.B., August 1st in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives. His escort was provided by the garrison of St. John, N.B., and Last Post was sounded by Q.M.S.I., C. Shaw, The R.C.R.

Tpr. Thomas Gordon was killed instantly when the trucks of the coal-tender were driven up onto the floor of the car in which he was riding. His body was extricated with some difficulty and carried into the little church and placed beside that of his comrade Cully.

The late Tpr. Gordon had served two years and ten months with the regiment and his loss is keenly felt by all ranks. He was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him and was the most outstanding player on the Garrison Football Team. He was borne to his last resting place with full military honours, the pipers of the

Royal Highlanders, many of whom he knew, leading the cortege and playing a Highland Lament.

The Royal Highlanders also furnished the firing party and bearers owing to the inability of members of his own regiment to be present, and who offer their sincere thanks for the assistance rendered.

A word of thanks is due to the splendid assistance rendered by the 22nd Regiment and R.C.R.'s who accompanied us on the train. Their speedy appreciation of the situation was indeed worthy of their glorious traditions.

Tpr. Doherty, Lamarche and Mahieux who escaped serious injuries are now almost completely recovered and we hope to see them back on the job in a few days.

We wish to thank those who have expressed their sympathy by letter and trust that they will accept this as acknowledgement.

Apart from the delay at Carleton Place caused by the wreck of the 'A' Squadron train, Headquarters and 'B' Sqdn. had an uneventful trip from Niagara to Petawawa Camp. The residents of Carleton Place must have thought another war had been declared as the troops from the stranded trains thronged the village streets in search of hotels and restaurants which were worked to capacity in providing the troops with breakfast dinner. H.Q. and 'B' Squadron wish to express their sincere sympathy to 'A' Squadron in the loss of their comrades and horses.

Mrs. D. B. Bowie spent the past three weeks in Petawawa.

The Stanyar Brothers paid us a visit shortly after our arrival in Camp. 'Big Boy' recently arrived home from Victoria and appears to be still in the pink of condition.

Bdr. Fraser, who is now in Kingston with the 3rd Medium, tells us that some days you can't put away a cent. It is understood that he is now on the board of directors of Kingston's latest hotel.

Lt. Col. Bowie, D.S.O., left Petawawa on the 18th of Aug. to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. W. E. Phillips of Montreal, who died in her 92nd year. Mrs. Phillips, a well-known

figure in Montreal, was one of the founders of the Homeopathic Hospital, the Phillips Training School for Nurses in connection with the hospital and the chief benefactress of those institutions.

Cpl. D. K. Hendry has returned from Camp Borden where he has been attending a six weeks course in signalling.

Our congratulations to Corporal Hendry and Gilmore on their recent promotion to that rank. Also to Sergeant D. Forgraves on being confirmed in the rank of Sergeant.

During the past month several recruits have been taken on strength and we wish them the best of success in their work with us. We were very sorry to lose our good-looking friend, Tpr. Yoxall, but hope he makes a success of whatever he undertakes in his new surroundings. It is rumoured that Cpl. Desnoyers hasn't slept a night since his wife left.

Major Williams with his family are leaving this month for England where he will take a twelve months' course. Our best wishes for a pleasant voyage and safe return.

During the absence of the troops in camp, the married ladies have all taken to bathing in the river.

Born:—To Sgt. W. Jewkes and Mrs. Jewkes, Wednesday 22nd August, a son, Our congratulations

Died:—Cpl. Adams' wife died on Thursday August 16th at the home of her parents after a prolonged illness. Our sincere sympathy goes out to him in his sad loss.

Sergeants Sheehy and Neeves are being transferred to 'B' Squadron before the return of 'A' and 'B' Squadrons to their respective stations. At the time of writing we are not sure who are taking their places. 'Tommy' promises to send us some good stuff describing his new environment.

Nursing Sister Wylie who has been attached to the Hospital in St. Johns for the past four years was transferred to Kingston on August 15th. Sister Wylie was a popular member of the Garrison and her many friends wish her every happiness in her new surroundings. She has been relieved by Nursing Sister Wurtele who came from Kingston and whom we trust will like her new station.

(By Major R. Nordheimer)

Fourteen years ago to-day, the Dogs of War were unleashed and the world entered into its 4 years of horror and suffering. Austria and Servia started the holocaust, but like two small boys, fighting, soon became infinitesimal in comparison to the spectators who joined the melée, and like "free for all's" the original cause was soon lost sight of.

Over four years of deprivation, hardship and rigid economy by the civilian element, mostly old men and women; unceasing mental and physical strain by those composing the armies in the field, and for what purpose? Each country justified its entry into the combat—at least in its own eyes—by such popular slogans as, 'To Make The World Safe For Democracy,' 'The War To End War,' 'Right Over Might' and various other panacea for troubled conscience. Fourteen years after, what do we find? Is war extinct? Does Right now triumph over Might? Is the World Safe For Democracy or isn't it rather, 'Is the World Safe From Democracy?'

Whatever reasons historians may advance for the holocaust that swept over the world the fact remains that nations are individualistic in their feelings, and years of pent up emotions are bound to burst into flame when a spark touches them off. All the Leagues, Arbitration Pacts, and War Agreements will avail nothing against the popular clamour of the multitude once thoroughly aroused, and politicians can no more restrain an



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angry bull by telling him his hereditary enemy, the "red rag," was a white peace offering. War has always been the the ultimate solution of rival claims from time immemorial and will continue to be so in spite of all that can be said or done.

Few people passed through the days from August 1914 to November 1918, either in military or civilian capacity, who had not borne trials and tribulations which left them more tolerant of the shortcomings of others. Through all the suffering and heart-burnings, a finer sense of justice and understanding was begotten, and the pity of it is, that it was bottled up and bore fruit only among those whom the war had touched. Parents became more benevolent but to such a degree that their children ran wild. The old social standards crumbled before the onrush of post war democracy. War profiteers were allowed to swagger in their ill-gained wealth, because the war-weary, soul-seared participants in The Great Adventure, were too proud and scornful to remonstrate. Those who had borne the brunt of the struggle retired to their well earned rest, leaving the destinies of their countries to others. The result speaks for itself. Petty wars, cloaked in the disguise of benevolent guardianship, threaten at any moment to participate another conflagration. War-weary tax-burdened people became jealous of their more fortunate allies. Gone is the Allied Spirit which enabled many different races and creeds to stand shoulder to shoulder against the common foe. Greed, Self-Complacence, and reckless squandering of ill-acquired wealth dim the lustre of the Shield of Victory.

All the ideals with which we entered the War, are gone. The Lamp of Remembrance burns only at the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. Out of the ghastly catastrophe of fourteen years ago, only one thing seems to remain constant. While nations have lost their spirit of co-operation which made the victory possible, individuals have, thank God, retained those close friendships welded together in the face of the greatest test of human endurance.

Those of you who write as "Old Comrades" to our Regimental Paper, "The Goat," are a living

example of the enduring qualities of War Friendship. No matter how much you suffered, the common tie of friendship begotten in the muddy bloodstained fields of France and Flanders, blossomed and bears fruit. The pilgrimage recently undertaken by 11,000 members of the British War Veterans, to the Battlefields of France and Belgium, was not merely a journey of curiosity to see the scenes of individual hardships. It was far more than a tour of the battlefields. It was a pilgrimage of Love and Remembrance to those dear 'Pals' whose spirits still live in our hearts, but whose remains lie buried in Fields Where Poppies Grow. Fitting indeed it was, that the head of that great concourse of Crusaders, should re-kindle the Lamp of Remembrance at the Arc de Triomphe. Not only does it burn for the "Unknown Soldier" but for those millions of known comrades in arms, who sleep beneath the ordered white crosses which mark their last resting place, and rear themselves in undying tribute to those, "Who Died That We May Live."

THE FORT SHERIDAN HORSE SHOW.

One of the most popular and long awaited events in the Equestrian World took place on July 13th and 14th, when the officers at Fort Sheridan held their annual Horse Show. The picturesque surroundings, the military atmosphere and the courtesy, appreciation and capability of the presiding committee, all tend to make this one of the tid bits of the season.

Much disappointment was expressed at the inability of Mr. Allen Case to come down to judge the Hunters and Polo Classes, his place being taken by Major Scott from Washington, D.C., who handled a difficult problem in a very capable manner.

Hunters and Jumpers always turn out in large numbers at Fort Sheridan. Being a Cavalry Post, Military entries are numerous and in addition, the hunters compete over a genuine hunter course of about a mile in length. Classes for hunters over this 'Outside Course' call for a speed of not less than 16 miles per hour, which eliminates slow moving trick jumpers from these classes and gives

the genuine hunter a more even chance to display his ability under hunting conditions. The jumps in this course, consisted of a post and rail, brush, stone wall, rustic post and rail in and out, gate and brush, all 4 ft 6 in., the rustic post and rail being slightly over that and only 5 ft. wide.

Eight horses competed from the Indian Hill Riding Club, Major Nordheimer winning the Olympic Course Event on "Rocket," getting 3rd in the Jumping Stakes and 3rd in the Amateur Stake. 'Ming-Tey,' Major Nordheimer's Polo pony won several heats in the Polo Pony Scurry and should have won the final but got tangled up by knocking over a pole and finished third. Miss Jane Darling whose riding has been so favourably commented on, was second in the Children's Class under 14, so the Club was well satisfied with the showing of its members.

The 'Escort to the Colours' put on by the R.O.T.C. in camp, was well carried out and evoked much applause. The event for the best mounted section was also very interesting and the winners were certainly a credit to their squadron. It is worth while noting that the European seat it gradually creeping into the American Army and was much in evidence during the Military Jumping Classes. Personally, I think the extreme forward seat and short stirrup, prevent the use of the "legs when in the wings, so essential when one has a lazy jumper.

THE CHICAGO RODEO, 1928.

The Chicago Rodeo was held at Soldiers' Field from July 28th to August 6th and, as usual, created the atmosphere of "the Old West" in a modern city. Having never seen a rodeo, the writer seized this opportunity of witnessing the thrilling feats of the much talked of Cowboy and Cowgirl.

The events were held in the afternoon and evening and the finals took place on Monday evening, Aug. 6th. The performance opened with a parade of all the contestants 125 in all, and 'Hoosier' Gibson, the famous Cowboy Movie Star, was introduced to the audience. He is in Chicago making a picture of the rodeo, in which he will play the lead. The story

deals with the trials of a young cowboy taking part in his first rodeo and should be crammed with local colour.

Following the parade, was the Bronk Riding Contest Bareback. This consisted of the bronks being mounted in a chute, and when the gate is opened the contestant must ride out in the arena without bridle, the only thing allowed being a surcingle to which the rider may hold with one hand, the other held high in the air. A whistle is sounded when the required time has been passed and the rider, if still mounted, is lifted off by another cowboy riding alongside. It certainly looked a thrilling pastime and the riders displayed wonderful ability to stick on. We next had a fancy roping contest in which various cowboys displayed their skill but I confess it left me cold.

A Cowboy relay race proved exciting, the contestants being required to line up mounted, race half a mile, dismount, change saddles and horses three times, riding half a mile on each horse. The speed at which the saddles and horses were exchanged was marvellous, and the race was a thriller from start to finish. A Calf Roping Contest followed, in which a calf is let out of the chute, the rider having to gallop after it, rope it, dismount, throw and tie it, with the minimum of speed. The winner roped and tied his calf in 17½ seconds the next best time being 19 seconds.

Following a Cowgirls' Bronco Riding contest and Cowgirls' Relay Race, much the same as the Men's, the Steer Wrestling Contest took place. This event proved to be the most interesting and exciting of the evening. A steer is turned loose from the chute, the cowboy galloping after it till he comes alongside, when he throws himself off the horse catching the steer by the horns and tries to throw him. Sometimes the impact of the rider will throw the steer almost immediately, but often it does not, and then comes a trial of strength between man and beast which is certainly worth seeing. A misjudging of distance and the contestant is liable to be trampled or badly gored.

The contests wound up with some trick riding by cowboys and cowgirls, which was nothing out of the ordinary and not much differ-

ent from any acrobatic mounted act. The usual cossack stunts were exhibited and I thought the girls displayed more cleverness than the men. Taken in all, I was quite disappointed in my first rodeo, though I imagine that when seen under different conditions, local colour adds to its attractiveness.

Bytown Bits.

D.R.A.—The 13th of the month saw the largest number of sharp shooters at a D.R.A. meet since the war. The accommodation at Connaught Ranges was taxed to the utmost and all day long the area echoed to the crack of many rifles. The arrangements were in charge of Col. R. J. Birdwhistle, who as usual had everything running in apple pie order. The chief range officer was Col. F. F. Clarke, D.S.O.

Sympathy for R.C.D.—The heartfelt sympathy of all members of the P.L.D.G. and all ex-cavalrymen in Ottawa, went out to the Royal Canadian Dragoons when news was flashed of the sad event at Sand Point. Poor old 'A' Squadron always seems to be the unlucky one when a move is on and many recalled the accident at Cape Breton a few years ago. The scene of the wreck was also the scene of a bad smash on the C.P.R. some twenty years ago when about fifteen people were killed. The Roman Catholic parish at Sand Point at that time put a small silver cross on a telegraph pole, at the point where the wreck occurred, in memory of those who lost their lives and it can still be seen there.

Battery Changes.—Lieut.-Col. Austin B. Gillies O.B.E., has retired from command of the 1st Brigade C.F.A. and Major T. A. Williams, M.C., O.C. 1st Battery, has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Major Williams had a long and distinguished service in the late war rising from a gunner to command of a C.E.F. Battery.

At Lennoxville.—At the Senior Officers course at Lennoxville, the middle of last month, I was glad to see a number of good honest cavalry faces among the plethora of infantry and artillery wallahs. Col. H. C. Sparling, with others, tried to teach the middle-aged idea

a few things, and our material wants and comforts were ably looked after by Captain James Wood, R.C.D., who sang "Among My Souvenirs" every evening. The blare of a good old cavalry trumpet, echoing around the grounds, was music to the ear of one who had not heard it for a year or so and Sergeant Costello and his merry men did a lot to take the dryness out of the atmosphere.

Patent Applied For.—Application has been made for the broadcasting rights and phonograph matrix records, of the remark made by one James Wood, when he tripped over an invisible bit of air on the steps of the college at Lennoxville, whilst bringing home the bacon. As Jimmy said "I hope it's blood."

Information wanted.—What we really want to know is, did H.C.S. find the baggage that went astray at Lennoxville the night the school broke up?

Is Remembered.—I was interested to note the name of Lieut. Donald D. S. Gwynn, R.C.D., on the tablet at Lennoxville to the memory of the boys who fell Overseas. The name of Maj. Sandy Macpherson, R.C.H.A., also appears. The name of young de Puyster Gwynn, recalled the famous dugout that he and Burglar Bray built at Athies in 1917. The name given the villa comprised the first syllable of the name of Mr. Bray and the name of Mr. Gwynn. I mean the first syllable of their Christian names. Figure out what the name of the villa was.

Ten years ago.—It was ten years ago this month, that the regiment in conjunction with the 3rd Cavalry Division, took part in a real cavalry show at the Amiens scrap. On the 8th of August we took Beaucourt village and held the line until the infantry came up and took over. Then on the 10th we were in action both as cavalry and in dismounted work down on the Roye Road, near Z Wood. In both these scraps the regiment suffered and in the show on the 8th, two officers Lieuts. W. Meikle and S. Booth, were killed.

The Big Fight.—The other evening I listened over the radio to



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the bull voiced announcer introducing "Ge-e-n-e Tun-ney heavy-weight-cham-pe-e-n of the wor-ld," and it brought back an eventful afternoon at the Army Boxing bouts at Abbeville, in the early spring of 1917. I went down there, with that well-known doyen of the sporting world, Duke Sawers, and after watching two or three bouts we decided we needed a little spiritual refreshment, so we ambled through the arena in the general direction of the exits. A loud voice suddenly bellowed out "Be careful there Blue." I stopped, and said to the Duke "Who in hell is that." Then the voice continued "Fight on Red." It was only the ump cautioning one of the fighters, but it gave me a bit of a shock just the same, as I had not expected to be singled out when leaving a fight.

Anyway we had a good time and I remember after we got back to Bourseville, looking in the windows of H.Q. mess and seeing Tommy Moss sound asleep in an arm chair, in front of a dying fire. We threw a handful of gravel at the window and beat it behind a few bushes. A second or so later Tommy was at front door shouting. "Who is that?" in loud tones. But there was no answer, for Tommy was the

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Adjutant at that time, and we were not looking for any trouble. There were good times at that old place and lots of excitement, as for instance the day that poor old Cunny charged the native with drawn sword and Jo Coyne tore the south side of his only pair of riding breeches, coming back from a most wonderful dinner party and had to stay in bed the next day, while Hooky Walker fixed the gap in the seat.

At Barriefield:—The 3rd Divisional Train C.A.S.C., and the C.M.G.C., went to Barriefield for twelve days on the 13th instant. The former were under Lieut.-Col. W. H. C. Marriott and the M.G. under Major Billy Ross.

Gunners to P'wa:—The 1st Brigade C.F.A. under Lt.-Col. T. A. Williams, M.C., did their training at Petawawa this month. The three batteries were inspected by Brigadier W. B. Anderson, D.O.C., M.D., 3, previous to their departure.

On Dress:—One of the penalties of being a mere man is that we have to walk down street all dressed with about twenty pounds of surplus clothes on a hot summer day. The girls sure have a bulge on us this weather. But, if a man walked down town with out a coat, sleeveless shirt, and short trousers with low sox he would run a good chance of getting pinched. Any way it has been a good season for sore eyes.

Go to Kingston:—A large infantry camp comprising city units, will be held at Barriefield from the 1st to 3rd September. The G.G.F.G., and the 38th Ottawa Highlanders will go down from here and both are at present up to strength. The 38th have recently equipped their bands in scarlet and are also sporting the feathered busby. The cost of the extra equipment is being borne by the unit with the addition of outside help from friends of the regiment. It is the intention of the Officers to equip the whole regiment in this manner, inside of a year. The Guards have of course, always had their pre-war review order, in stores.

Held Summer Show:—The annual summer show of the Ottawa

Riding club was held on July 21, on the grounds of the Central Experimental Farm. A large number of friends and members turned out and witnessed a good afternoon performance. The master of ceremonies was Captain H. R. T. Gill, P.L.D.G., who was assisted by Lt.-Col. F. B. Inkster, V.D., P.L.D.G., who is the President of the club. There was some good jumping the major award going to Major Henry Bate and Lieut. Harold Allan, P.L.D.G. The judging was done by Mr. Walter Cunningham, of Ottawa.

He looked well:—I was very glad to see Q.M.S.I., Paddy Doyle, in Ottawa, one day last month on his way to Petawawa, from the fish country. Paddy seems to belong to one of the groups of old soldiers who never change from one year end to the other and his brogue seems to have acquired a smooth softness due no doubt to the foggy conditions at Saint John, N.B.

appeared on the frontispiece of the been sent in by readers to the list of members of the Sergeants Mess Petawawa, 1912 (not 1909) which appeared on the frontispiece of the July issue:

Top Row

Substitute Sgt. R. Trotter for Sgt. Sgt. R. J. Brown.
After Sgt. T. A. James insert Sgt. E. Smith; S.Q.M.S. Ewen.

Second Row

Substitute Far. Sgt. Milne for Sgt. Inst. Connelly.

After Sgt. Scott insert S.S.M.I. Collins.

Bottom Row

After Percy Morgan insert S/Sgt. W. P. Burton.

Eulogy on the Horse

"How close, how intimate, is the comradeship between a man and his favorite horse on a long journey. It is a silent comprehensive friendship, an intercourse beyond the need of words. They drink at the same wayside springs, and sleep under the same guardian stars. They are conscious together of the subduing spell of nightfall and the quickening joy of daybreak. The master shares his evening meal with his hungry companion, and feels the soft moist lips caressing the palm of his hand as they close over the morsel of bread. In the gray dawn he is roused from his bivouac by the gentle stir of a warm, sweet breath over his sleeping face, and looks up into the eyes of his faithful fellow-traveller, ready and waiting for the toil of the day. Surely, unless he is a pagan and an unbeliever, by whatever name he calls upon his God, he will thank Him for his voiceless sympathy, this dumb affection, and his morning prayer will embrace a double blessing—God bless us both, and keep our feet from falling and our souls from death. From "The Other Wise Man" by

Henry Van Dyke, D.D.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BRITISH ARMY?

- 1—What British Cavalry Regiment is known as "The Queen's"?
- 2—The Devonshire Regiment has been nicknamed "The Bloody Eleventh." How did this come about?
- 3—What nicknames have been given to The 7th Queen's Own Hussars and why?
- 4—What Lancer Regiment was known as the "Red Lancers" and why?
- 5—The Royal Regiment of Artillery has two nicknames, the first being the "Gunnery." What is the second one, which applies to the Royal Horse Artillery?
- 6—What Infantry Regiment wears its cap badges both in front and at the back of their caps?
- 7—In what Regiment do the officers still wear the "flash" as a relic of the old queue, on the back of their jackets?
- 8—What Corps is known as "The Sugar Stick Brigade?"
- 9—Who are the Field-M Marshalls of the British Army?
- 10—In what Regiment is H.R.H. Prince Henry serving, and what rank does he hold?
- 11—Who is the Chief of The Imperial General Staff?
- 12—What Cavalry Regiment is at present stationed with The British Army of the Rhine?

See answers on page 13

Petawawa Camp Sidelights.

Col. Bowie says if we don't justify our existence we'll be mechanized. In other words he thinks oil will replace the cavalry spirit.

The I.C. are enjoying a well earned rest these days.

Some soldiers were seen in the canteen the other evening.

Mickey Gilmore and Ginger Jennings are going on furlough when they return to St. Johns.

Tpr. Finnessey, who has been sojourning in the Hawaiian Islands for the past 2 years returned to Ottawa last week where he was booked for a boxing match. However on hearing we were in camp he decided to pay us a visit. He received a cordial reception and intends to remain with us for a more or less indefinite period at the end of which he hopes to return to Ottawa and knock his man out.

Proof that all our best horses were not killed in the wreck was demonstrated the other evening by Cpl. Gilmore when "Little Eva" on which he was riding, stumbled into the triple-bar, fell and pinned her rider beneath her. Assuredly the artillery will not have everything their own way on Sports Day.

The appearance of Sgt. William Jewkes in white ducks and sport shoes lends the camp a holiday air in spite of the depressingly hot weather.

Further proof that we still have some constant jumpers left was shown the other day when L/Cpl. Mundell on "Bobbie" cleared the four-foot gate jump the first time and knock it down in the second attempt.

Reports from Sgt. "Pinky" Green indicate that England has returned to normal.

Bill Hargreaves writes to say there is a big slump in the amount of business done by Legion during

the past month. This is due, as we have advised him to Sgt. Sheehy being out of the city.

The Dept. of Nat'l Defence are to be felicitated on permitting the re-union again this year of A and B Squadrons, thereby giving us the opportunity of renewing old friendships. We note particularly the greeting accorded L/Cpl. Jennings by his old friend the R.S.M. and Count Halperin's face was a wreath of smiles as he greeted S. M. Copeland and Sgt. Rowe.

Our baseball and football teams are doing well up to the time of writing.

It is gratifying to note the interest students are taking in the "Schools" of Instruction that are held each evening. Such subjects as "draw" and "housie housie" have been replaced by the more fascinating "stuf", "the name of the game" and "Bingo."

Sergeants Campbell and Sheehy find camp conducive to springing wise-cracks.

Some people find it hard to lose that "Oxford" accent, especially in camp.

August 17th: Tpr. Daugherty worked today.

Capt. J. Wood (got it right that time) thinks the Regimental Parade Ground ideally situated. He finds it hard at times however to keep his eyes to the front, blessed as he is with such fine powers of observation. However he did discover one of two "little things that will come in handy."


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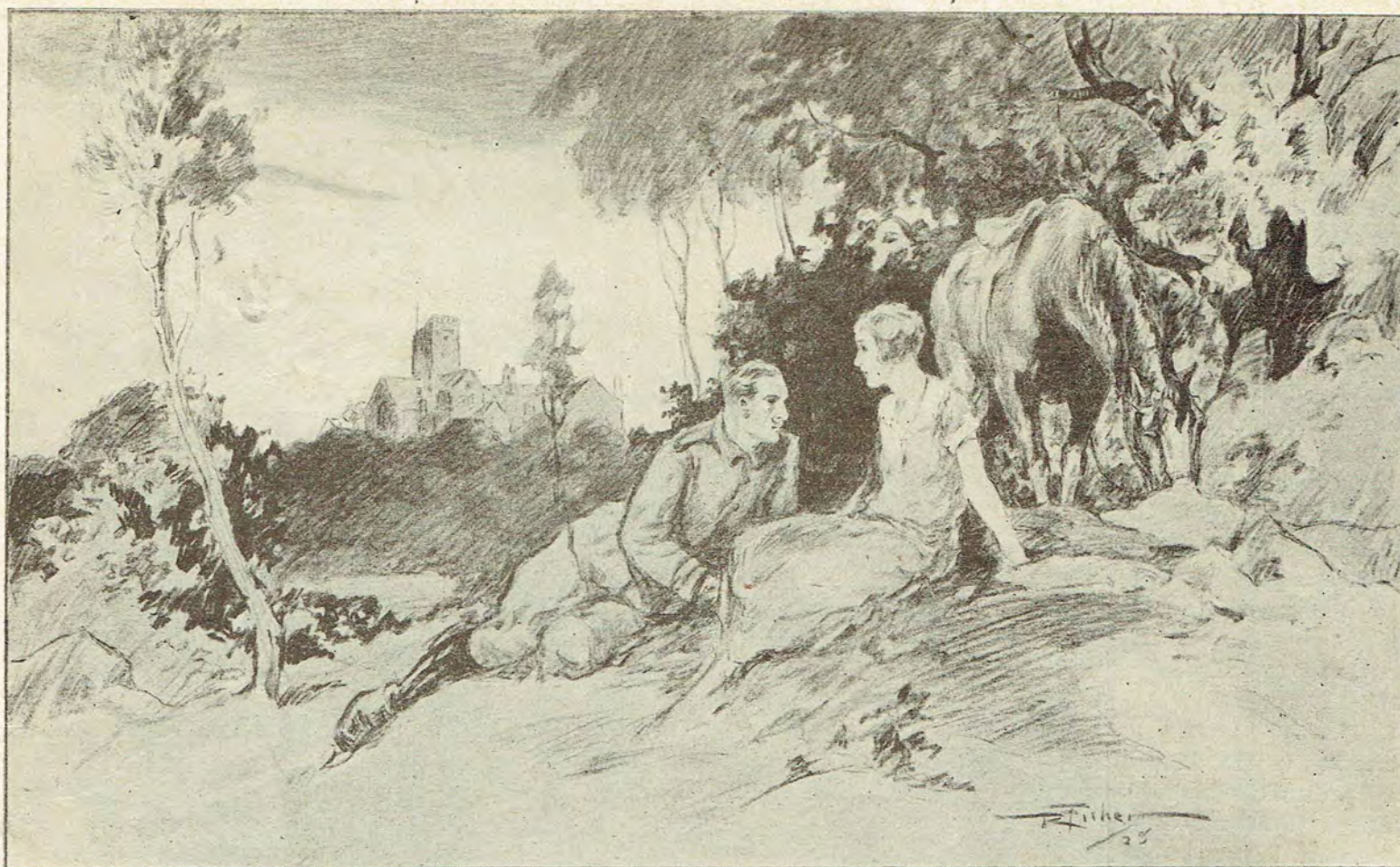


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Perhaps, Ghislaine, I am sentimental. Somehow it seems that the horse knows of the move orders today.

C'est la Guerre, Cheval

THE IDYLL OF THE GIRL GHISLAINE AND OF GARROWAY, SOLDIER OF A DISBANDING ARMY, AND MOST OF ALL, OF THE HORSE CALLED SUNSTAR.

(By Frank Young, in The Canadian Magazine.)

(Reprinted with kind permission)

Here's happy days a vous, ma chere,
May fortune vous regarde,
No heel-taps do 'apres la guerre,'
And our next promenade.

3rd Army Toast, Christmas, 1918.

Illustrated by Roy Fisher.

The place was by the river Sembre where it winds through a village in French Flanders. Here the girl of the chateau met, quite by accident, the soldier of the disbanding army, but recently returned from the Rhine.

A beautiful turned out rider—a black with four white stockings, made a third, but most uninteresting party. The pipeclayed head rope was as neck linen against the jet of his colouring. The soldier, with the slack of the reins from the burnished bit, cut the heads from the daisies fringing the tow path. He had serious matters on his mind. He was quite worried.

"Your father, Ghislaine.....! What does he say?"

The girl, with downcast eyes, observed the slim lines of her Paris frock. The design was, perforce, pre-war. It was satisfactory to the soldier, if not to the girl.

"Ah, it is sadness, M'sieu. Since the war, my father has not money. You care very much.....for your horse."

The animal in question stared intently at nothing, the way of all horses. Possibly he lamented the lack of grazing along the cinder path, but it is believed that he knew that this day's parade would be his last in the khaki army. Such things were harder to face than the shell swept Arras road.

They left the river, and passed through a leafy ride—almost like a piece of England, or New England, or Alberta....near the Rockies. A small ranch on the way to the pass called 'The Crow's Nest' had been his home, yet he was named after the colt who won at Ep-

som Downs for Soli Joel. He came to France as a three-year-old.

The long, wet nights on the wartime horse lines had sapped fibre from his sinews. There was the gun-shot wound that took balance from his swinging stride. Homeward bound forces, and congestion on rail and ship. He could not hope for transatlantic repatriation..... But there was England a gun-shot away! the bright, green turf of Sussex! the clean straw fetlock deep on the stable floor! the puttees for his fine, long pasterns! perhaps even an occasional run with the men in hunting pink! was it too much to expect for his years of exposure, and danger?

* * *

Before a recently flooded area, the man lifted the girl to the saddle. The stirrup was set for the straight leg of heavy dragoon, or lancer....or cow hand of the western ranges. The slender foot in Bond Street leather was without support, and the horse resentful of

female control. So the man stood in the stirrup, the dragoon's stir-up of a well cinched saddle, and noticed that the girl was beautiful. From his place of elevation he could see the towers and turrets of her home. Whereupon he held her the closer, as though giving greater value to the burden he guarded. He wondered concerning the European custom of succession in the case of an only daughter.

There are few Belgian girls who would object to the tender guardianship he displayed. Ghislaine smoothed the bit of Valenciennes lace at her breast.

"What would you have me do....for your horse, M'sieu....Oh!....comment dit-on....your name, it is difficult. It is a name of darkest Russia. My father says, to buy the horse would not be the good business, Michael." She pronounced it Michel, or something between the two.

"Yes, she is beautiful—but

heartless," thought young Mr. Garroway. For a time he could think of no suitable reply to her question. Was there tact in telling a Belgian aristocrat that he strove for means and ways to transport a war horse to a happier land than her own?

"Perhaps Ghislaine, I am over sentimental. Somehow it seems that the horse knows of the move today. We have been together a long time. Somehow he knows—believes that I will not allow this thing to happen. Garroway was thinking of times like Passchendaele, the master Hell of them all... where one drew comfort from the picture of certain wounding, and with a locked arm in the stirrup, being steadied—dragged from the quagmire.

"Is this, then, a so bad place to leave him?"

* * *

Mr. Garroway caught, himself wondering if those white, beautiful teeth of the girl had sunk themselves in occasional portions of roast "viand de cheval." Almost he was indifferent. They were very nice teeth—and lips. Was it possible that she had sighed, and leaned toward him!

"It is a sordid business, Ghislaine... basely mercenary at the best. Our horses will be classified. The fit ones goes to your Belgian army, and class B for civilian auction. The C grade are for the butcher—a franc a pound on the hoof."

Ghislaine had all the expressive gestures of her race. She wished to hear no more of the unfortunate 3rd class Convent bred and a classical student, the tender thoughtfulness of this youth raised him, in her eyes, to almost the equal of Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche. Yet a girl must be careful of this love which is a by-product of war. It is of the most reckless kind. Furthermore she well recalled the traditional characteristics of those Irish: fickleness of such accomplishment as to be even likeable... yes, she could well believe it. Yet, in a few days these very nice soldiers would be but memories. A girl must be amused. Ghislaine sighed. She smiled. It was a very fine understudy of the intriguing smile of Betty Blythe in "Sheba's Queen." Garroway wondered if his plans for the rescue of his charger were at a standstill, or



They saw him free the fore-lock from the head band of Sunstar's bridle, and, with a pocket handkerchief groom the dust of travel from the inky coat.

were progressing.

"Shall I see you this evening Ghislaine, when I return—after I" he glanced back at the horse they called Sunstar. The animal seemed to wait for him to finish the sentence. Somehow he could not, and the girl, watched him with pleasure—with pity.

"A ce soir, Michel," she said

* * *

Some faint emotion stirred in the most sluggish trooper as they "stood to their horses" for this last march. It was to be eighteen kilometers, over the height of land and down the watershed of the Meuse to the place of the review. After such distance Sunstar would favor the wounded shoulder. There were long stretches where Garroway walked beside the horse. Once he opened the flap of a saddle holster. He saw the blue steel, the loading, and shrank from the thought in his mind. Must he, himself, turn a gun on the equine Aeneas, and do the work unaccomplished by Germany during three years of intense effort!

The pre-war summer resort on the Meuse was now the concentration point for beasts of burden from one army division. Missouri mules, in the springtime, at a Belgian Deauville! Pack ponies—perhaps, wretched malingerers—clever villains, your fate is a just one. You are the eager accomplices of drivers who ditched the reserve ammunition you were supposed to carry—drivers who said the loaded boxes were too damn heavy to lift, each morning, to the pack saddle. You sweated, and dodged under the feather weight of the empty boxes were too damn heavy to lift, eyes of many an inspecting officer. The greatest grief you can visualize would be your own absence when the trumpet is sounding: "Stand to your feeds."

But tragedy is with the thoroughbred. Motor lorries stand by to carry home the now dismounted troopers. The drivers wondered why Garroway held back the order to move. They saw him free the forelock from the head band of Sunstar's bridle, and, with a pock-

et handkerchief, groom the dust of travel from the inky coat.

A Belgian General Officer, with his Staff, waited at the vantage point of a raised platform. The horses pass in file, in review before him.... Sunstar, from the right of the line in lead.

Memories of other and happier march pasts must have returned to the horse. Not this time, nor ever again would he hear the "eyes right" in English tongue. He would not again see, from the corner of his eye, the rider's sword flash the salute. Instead of these things, for him it would be the half-rationed nose bag of the cab stands of Brussels. Herded as cattle, and riderless, he nevertheless trots at attention. There is a piece of rough going. He falters to the wounded shoulder.

"Reject," almost shrieked the officer, delighted with his keen observation. Again and again across the field of shame is heard: "reject," "reject," as the beasts who

(Continued on page 16)



The illustration depicts two men in a room. On the left, a man with glasses and a beard, wearing a dark suit, is looking towards the right. On the right, an older man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit and a white cravat, is holding a long pipe. Behind them is a large, ornate grandfather clock. To the right of the clock is a window with a grid pattern. A small framed picture hangs on the wall to the right of the older man. In the bottom right corner, a small table holds a decorative vase.

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Soldiering.

(Continued)

By Q.M.S. F. W. Powell.

Up to the Somme

Monday, June 26th we pulled out at 7 p.m. and moved in a S. Easterly direction. This is the first of many night rides. It is raining hard. In next to no time we are soaked. On and on we ride. Not too bad in the light but when darkness falls the situation is rotten. Can see nothing and it is difficult to keep awake. On we go. Make no attempt to ride the horse. Let him do just as he pleases. Smoke and chat with our half section. Speculate on where we're heading for and what we're likely to do when we get there. Although the night is dark, although we are wet and uncomfortable there is less grumbling than one would imagine. Must state, however, that speaking personally, I'm nothing like as keen on the move as I was this morning. Every so often we halt for ten minutes. Orders are passed down to slacken girths. Many turn a deaf ear to the order. Those who do obey sometimes suffer. Pete Merrix for instance. Like a good soldier he slackened the girth and allowed his horse to graze. There's a sudden movement. We have not heard the order to girth up and mount. They're away at the trot in front. We mount and follow. Pete mounts in a rush. Forgets all about the girth. His saddle slips around the horse's belly. Do we assist him in his misfortune? Like hell we do. Takes all our time to catch up with those in front who are away at what is supposed to be a gentle trot but is, in reality, a wild gallop. On, on again. Find ourselves nodding. In this semi-conscious condition one's mind works strangely. To me it seems that I am riding between high, black walls. Always do I feel sort of suppressed. Always is there something high and black on either side. Sometimes I'm in between great houses that are closing in upon me. Coming to with a start I'll realize where I am. On a hard road on a cold, wet night. I'm devilish hungry, too. My whole soul longs for a generous helping of jam roly-poly pudding. On and

on. More halts, more dismounting and mounting. Tired as the devil. The hallucinations grow more frequent. Always huge, black walls closing in on me. In my normal periods I notice my half section seems to be asleep. Say nothing. If he falls out of the saddle so much the worse for him. Too much trouble to fish out a fag and light it and precious little satisfaction from sucking an empty pipe. All one hears is the clatter of hoofs on the cobble stones. Horrible night. Horrible ride. Will it never end? Yes, my gentles, it ends at 3 a.m. We are at a place called Hangest-sur-Somme. Rain is still falling. We are told to dismount. We will "bivvy" here until the evening. May be wrong but fancy we had to put up breast lines. Under the circumstances this is pleasant. Having settled the question of lines we tie up the horses, unsaddle and then water. Ouch, ouch, this is the worst yet. The water lies in a sort of reservoir some distance away. The water lies low in this reservoir. It is not within reaching distance. To get to the blasted stuff one must tie a rope to the handle of the water bucket, heave it into the water down below with optimistic fervour, rejoice to find it refuses to sink but floats unconcernedly on. Jiggle with it impatiently and return thanks to heaven when successful in dragging back about a pint of the precious fluid. It is almost superfluous to mention that we decide the horses have slaked their thirst before they have arrived at the same conclusion. With the utmost kindness we lead them back to their lines, feed 'em, bless 'em, and leave 'em.

Now for ourselves. Some adventurous spirits build bivvies. I'm too tired. Find some sort of cover beneath a waggon shed. Not excessively comfortable, but preferable to the open and the rain that fell heavily throughout the night. At noon we were aroused from our slumbers. Much grooming and attention to horses. It is found necessary for the shoeing-smiths to do something towards

earning their keep. Funny people these. Only on rare occasions are they found at work. Lord knows how they get that way but never do they put a shoe on without a deal of unnecessary straffing. Kindness to dumb animals was omitted from their curriculum. Their chief joy in life is derived from pounding with a hammer on the ribs of the poor, dumb, friend of man. Shame, shame and yet again, shame.

The smiths were kept busy throughout the day and the men prepared for the continuance of the march. At 6.30 p.m. we pull out. Follows the same unpleasant-ries of night riding with this exception. The torrential rains ceased and we saw something of the country through which we ambled. Passing the cathedral (damaged but little as yet) we branch out and skirt the city of Amiens. From the little seen it appears a large, well-built town. In the darkness the Cathedral towers stand out clearly. Despite the dull report of the big guns that seem never to cease giving tongue, despite the oppressive stillness that hangs over Amiens, despite the absence of any sign of life, the city rests there peacefully and the war seems still far away. Leaving it behind us on we go until about 2 a.m. when we dismount at Bussy-les-Daours. Horses on lines. Men build bivvies.

Much ingenuity is always displayed in the building of bivvies. There is no set design. The paternal Government presiding over the welfare of its large family forgot to supply the necessary accessories for these structures. It supplies the ground sheet and one (sometimes two) blankets, and there relinquishes its responsibility. Ridge poles, pegs, hammers and things were quite overlooked. In barren country it is no simple matter to gather these things together and it is here that the ingenuity of the soldier was made manifest. After years of experience one could make a bivvy with nothing outside what was carried upon the line of march. With the sword at one end stuck into the ground to support the chunk of hay wire that serves as a ridge pole one's troubles are ended. If there's no tree at the other end a rifle has been found sufficient. Bayonets, heel-pegs, umpteen parts

of a soldier's equipment serve purposes for which they were never intended. Anyway, there's the bivvy. The only drawback, however is that the damned thing must be dismantled when turning out on parade. This is most inconvenient during a rain storm. The layman will doubt this statement about building bivvies with nothing but ask any old sweat and find I'm right. Its surprising what one can do when one has to. How does he tie the rubber sheet down? Easy. Every good soldier carries numerous bits of string in his pickets. Many of the chaps were experts in this branch of army life. For myself as long as some of the rain ran off instead of on me, I was content. As long as none leaned upon it my bivvy was all a respectable bivvy should be. If it often collapsed lay the blame upon the careless who mistook a bivvy for a brick building.

We mucked about at Bussy for some time getting things into shape for further activities. Each morning the horses are exercised. These are enjoyable. We are in new country and the people prove most obliging. Much attention is paid to the matter of complete kits. Inspections are many and varied. Has every man his issue of bicarbonate of soda? This was of terrific import. If a man was minus his issue of bicarbonate of soda one could consider the war to be hopelessly lost. But why? Gord knows! One did something with it in the event of gas attacks. Many were asked but none ever were able to give an explanatory outline as to just what one did with this very necessary weapon when gas did come. Just the same woe betide the man whose issue was missing. Then the iron rations. What matter if the biscuits were green with mildew, what if the tea had been replaced with sand? As long as it sounded like tea, as long as they looked like biscuits efficiency was satisfied. Every man had his iron ration and the war could continue. Then the tin of bully beef! If efficiency required it to be present on all occasions it should never be placed in the possession of the men. The temptation's altogether too strong to a hungry man. It was considered a fearful crime and am pleasantly surprised to be able to state that although my tin of bully

was generally absent on these inspections, no officer ever "ran me."

As usual, rumours were flying around. None know what is in the wind, although all are most positive when discussing the future movements of the brigade. Dog-robbers are the seat of the trouble. They tell of what was said by the officers at mess. What they did not hear is invented. We swallow their stories and then curse our weakness, for the tales told by dog robbers are never correct. Something is about to happen. Of that we're certain. But what?

The Somme

Our journey recommences on Saturday, July 1st. We move off at 2 in the morning and halt at Treux, about 7 Kilometres from the front line. Here is concentrated the whole Division. We do not off saddle. What's on? If one only knew. There's a deuce of a racket going on. The general idea is that there is a big attack going on and as soon as the infantry chaps gain their objective we'll continue the motion on horseback. Sounds quite thrilling. The hanging about, however, tears one's nerves to shreds.

All are keyed to the highest pitch. Big things are going on and it looks as though we are to participate. Great stuff. Here are we amidst the real unadulterated warfare. Hell of a noise and as the day drags on we see history being made. The advance had been successful on a wide front. Surely to goodness, it will soon be our turn. Strange this excitement. To go in may mean everything that's rotten. We'll probably get it in the neck. Some will be killed, some wounded. Why then this anxiety to "get in it?" That's something to which I can find no answer. Excitement, most probably. Envy, perhaps. Envy of those other chaps who are actually doing things. Bravery? Not a bit of it. Individually we are in a funk and would find it difficult to go on alone. Collectively we are quite different. It conceals individual action and causes a man to realize himself part of a whole. I do not suppose that one man could be found that morning who would declare himself to be free from funk. Yet, this collection of men could be relied upon to do

whatever asked of it. Our strength lies in the strength of the other fellow. Each relies on the other. Then again, our pride will not permit our being branded "yellow." All this rather discounts personal bravery but you must remember this is my personal opinion. I know how I felt about it and because I'm normal presume that other normal people think more or less similarly. The most timid of men can become a veritable hero when subject to mob law. Why the transformation? Again no reply. These things just are. They are part of us. From a mob of men in action one cannot point to one and say, 'He is the bravest of them all.' All are equally 'brave.' Excitement has carried them all outside themselves. Mob law controls and they perform feats undreamt of when each was an individual. That's why it is so easy to be 'brave' in company.

Your pardon please. I'm side-tracked again. Damn it all, it's so hard to keep on that straight road that leads to the End. Here were we up on the Somme, not near enough to participate and not far enough off to miss seeing the big results. We see that awful valley through which the infantry had to travel. To see that alone is sufficient to make one glorify these wonderful chaps who crossed it at dawn. Under terrific machine gun fire all the way one wonders how mortal man could live through it. Thiepval, Mametz, Contalmaison are names that place our British Infantryman at the very height of their profession. Their losses were fearful but they won through and have gone on into even worse situations. When are we to follow? Seeing what they have accomplished urges us to do likewise and when the call comes, we'll carry on the good work. But this eternal hanging about? It's sickening. In our ignorance we attach the blame to our commanders. Damned fools that we are. We've caught some of the general excitement in the air and are hardly ourselves. What the devil are we standing there for? Why the hell don't they use us. Some outfit! Suppose we'll always be a cease-fire bunch. That's how we talk amongst ourselves. Looking back it seems so utterly foolish, this desire to go into action and get killed.

(To be continued)



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ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE BRITISH ARMY?" WHICH APPEAR ON PAGE 6

1.—16th. The Queen's Lancers. (now 16th./5th Lancers.)

2—From its having been cut to pieces at Salamanca (1812) by the French, when capturing a standard.

3—"The Old Saucy Seventh" (in the Peninsula.)

"The Lily - white Seventh" (from its light blue uniform and white facings, before 1818.)

"Young Eyes."

"Old Straws" or "Strawboots" (for substituting, at Warbourg, 1760, strawbands for worn-out boots.)

4—16th. The Queen's Lancers (now 16th./5th Lancers.) They were known as 'The Red (or Scarlet) Lancers' being the only Lancers with the scarlet tunic.

5—"The Four-wheeled Hussars."

6—The Gloucestershire Regiment. The unique distinction of wearing their Regimental No. (now their badge The Sphinx) both in front and at back of the cap was be-

stowed on the old 28th, for distinguished conduct at Alexandria (1801,) having been then engaged with the enemy front and rear.

7—The Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

8—Royal Army Ordnance Corps (from the trimming on uniform.)

9—Field-Marshal H.R.H. King George V.

Field-Marshal H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.

Field-Marshal Lord Methuen.

Field-Marshal Sir Ferdinand Foch, Marechal de France.

Field-Marshal Lord Plumer.

Field-Marshal The Viset. Allenby.

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson.

Field-Marshal His Majesty L. King of the Belgians.

Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood.

Field-Marshal Sir Claud Wood.

Field-Marshal Sir George F. Milne.

10—10th. Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales' Own) Rank of Capt. ain.

11—Field-Marshal Sir George M. Milne G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

12—8th King's Royal Irish Hussars.



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The Old Fort Plate.

The annual Point-to-Point Race of the officers of the R.C.D.'s. for The Old Fort Plate was held on Drury Plain, Petawawa Camp, on Thursday, August 16th, 1928, over a course of about a mile and a quarter including six jumps. A field of thirteen faced the starter (Capt. James) who got them away to a flying start. After the first jump the field began to string out with Captain Hammond and Major Sawers alternating in the lead until after the last jump, when Capt. Hammond on "Bubbles" forged ahead to win by several lengths. Major Sawers on 'Sabre' was second and Col. Bowie on 'Plaudmore-Saintly' finished strong for third place. The riders carried a minimum weight of 160 lbs and thoroughbreds were assessed 10 lbs extra. The many and varied racing colours of the contestants added to the attractiveness of the scene which was witnessed by a large number of spectators.

Owing to the fact that Captain Wood's 'Roycandra' and 'Jazette' ridden by Major Timmis who had finished first and third respectively in last years race were killed in the 'A' Squadron train wreck and 'Teddy' the 'A' Squadron grey which Captain Grant had ridden to second place had slowed up considerably as a result of advancing years, there was considerable doubt as to which horse would prove the winner. Captain Hammond's entry 'Bubbles' was however one of the favorites, it being known to possess considerable speed, having won the 'Old Soldiers Race' with Sergt. Rowe up, in the race meeting last year. Sergt. Rowe trained 'Bubbles' for Capt. Hammond this the Regiment took its origin from year and obviously showed good judgment in his training programme. Several of the bookies were hard hit as a result of the race.

The Old Fort Plate which is becoming one of the most interesting features in the annual events of the fire which occurred in the Ordnance Stores in the Old Fort near Stanley Barracks, Toronto in the spring of 1921. A large wooden building containing about a million dollars worth of clothing and equipment was completely demolished and a detachment of the R.C.D.'s. was detailed as a guard over the ruins. Major Sawers who was

in charge of the guard found amongst the ruins, near the spot where a cabinet containing a number of trophies had been stored, a large peculiar shaped deposit of metal. This he had mounted and presented to the Regiment for an Annual Point-to-Point to be known as 'the Old Fort Plate.' It was first competed for in 1921 when it was won by Lt.-Col. Walker, D.S.O. on "Plaudmore-Saintly." The second race took place at Niagara Camp in 1924, this time "Plaudmore-Saintly" repeating being ridden by Lt.-Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., In 1927 it was run at Petawawa and won by Capt. J. Wood on "Roycandra" and now the name of Capt. L. D. Hammond on 'Bubbles' will be engraved on the shield for 1928, to whom we extended our congratulations.

WHY DO SOME PEOPLE GET LOST?

(Not to be read by Troop.-Sergts.)

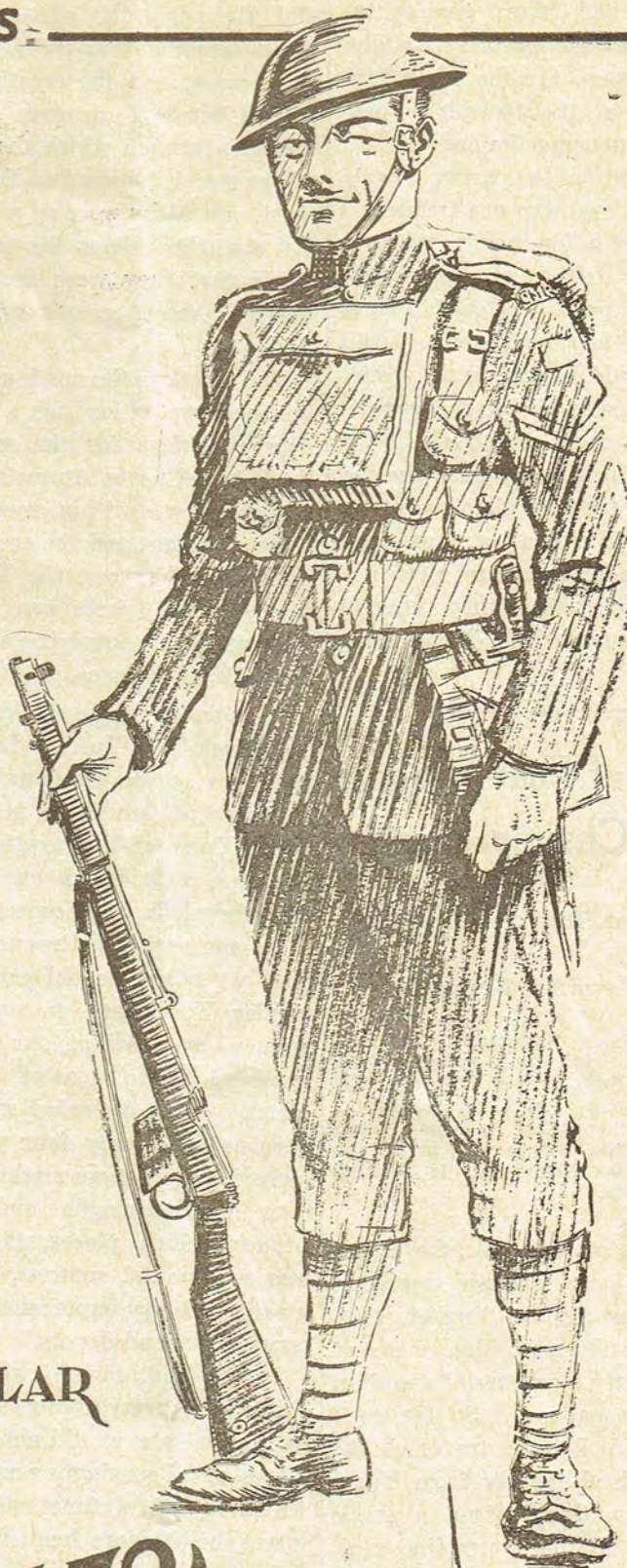
Those of us who have been out on schemes and manoeuvres in Petawawa Camp have at some time or another become temporarily lost. A generous government goes to the expense of supplying us with a large scale map and even a prismatic compass and still we more often than not turn up at the rendezvous an hour or two late. The minute we leave the beaten path we lose our sense of direction and although we are supposed to know how to use our compass and orient our map, we find ourselves hopelessly lost and the only means of extricating ourselves is to climb the tallest tree. That is one reason why we particularly steer clear of woods. It's too hard on breeches this climbing of trees, although we might add we are becoming quite proficient at it. One of the suggestions put forward (seriously) is that a collapsible periscope might be supplied (one per troop sergeant) thereby eliminating the necessity of climbing trees as well as saving one's breath for the time when an account of one's absence is to be given to his troop officer.

It is an elusive yet intriguing subject. It is a well-known fact that when people get lost they travel in circles, this law probably accounting for some of us returning at all. The answer usually given as to why a person tends to

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travel to his right, or left as the case may be. (Neevo goes to the left) is that one leg takes a slightly longer step. (In the case of the mounted man the stronger or longer leg influencing the horse.)

The solution the writer has in mind for those who are frequently getting lost is for them to discover what their drift is in a given time at a given pace. A good time to carry out an experiment of this nature would be during the winter when the snow is on the ground when one could practise walking in a straight line, say from one end of the Football Field to the other.

We would like to hear from some of our readers who are interested in the subject what they think of the above suggestions. (Come along Tommy.)

Scene of That Struggle For Channel Ports

Where Men Died Ten Years Ago

(By Raymond Bridgeway)

Many of our readers will be interested in the following extracts from Raymond Bridgeway's "Scenes Of That Struggle For Channel Ports" which is appearing in The Star, Johannesburg. It is sent in by one of our subscribers who is visiting South Africa.

On the other hand, the Royal Fusiliers an English regiment whose crest is the English rose, raised nearly a million men, of whom nearly a quarter of a million became casualties. So far as I know, and I have travelled the battlefields diligently from Ypres to Rheims, there is not a single memorial to that very fine regiment.

In comprehensive military history, accurately written, the outstanding contribution of England is obvious; but these articles are not military history though, inevitably, reference must be made occasionally to famous exploits associated with particular places.

Anxious Days

Of all the attacks which proceeded in France and Flanders during the spring of 1918, the assault which gave us most anxiety was, perhaps, the one which proceeded between Ypres and La Basse Canal. The attacks to the south

were very grave, involving as they did, the possibility of a complete annihilation of the right wing of our armies, and the creation of a breach between ourselves and the French, through which the enemy might march forward to Paris. Indeed, our Allies were so considerably disturbed about the safety of Paris that they were inclined to overlook more serious considerations.

The attack to the north produced in our own authorities a similar degree of fear for the safety of the Channel ports. At one moment, the enemy was within, roughly, 40 miles of Calais, and the area which intervened between the line and the northern ports was for the most part, flat, low-lying and very difficult of defence.

Though the whole of this northern attack from Ypres to La Basse gave us cause for anxiety, the northern portion of the attack, between Ypres and Armentieres, was the part with which our gravest apprehensions were concerned.

At one moment it seemed likely that we might be obliged to surrender Ypres, and to suffer the tremendous blow at our prestige involved in the loss of a place which we had defended with such heroism for nearly four years. It seemed, too, that we might have to give up Poperinghe and Hazebrouck, which places, though of less sentimental interest, were of greater military importance as railway centres and depots.

In the end, though we had to permit the enemy to come almost to the Menin Gate, we did not sacrifice Ypres, and Poperinghe remained to fulfill its useful functions though it was shelled more frequently than before.

At Hazebrouck however, the danger was considerable, and the utility of the town as a railway junction was seriously impaired. There was a day in which the fate of Hazebrouck was very much in doubt, when the 4th Guards Brigade, of the 31st Division, were hurried out of their rest billets at Pradelles to engage in fierce hand to hand fighting.

Epic of the Guards

The story of the Guards' defence at this point is an epic, and rich as is the history of the Guards

(Continued on page 20)

C'est la Guerre, Cheval

(Continued from page 10)

had carried the guns, the rations, all the burdens of wartime, go to their peacetime reward.

* * *

In the Class B corral, Sunstar was under the hammer. On the side lines, young Mr. Garroway winked back the tears from his eyes.

The bidding opened at one thousand francs—sure value to the buyer considering the standing butcher quotations. Garroway caught the auctioneer's eye for a heavy raise. But there was an opponent who did not wish to haggle. Up a thousand.... a cash deal. The soldier was out of the game. He could not pick out the person with the long purse—a most unobtrusive bidder. He dashed into the ring, demanding the whereabouts of the successful one. There was a great crowd, and only the shrugging of shoulders for his reply. There was but one sure way to obtain the information he desired. He took it.

'Qui a ach... Damn your French.... Who has bought the horse?' He held the bridle, and there were officials who respected his determination the more on observing the side arms he carried.

Amid the halted proceedings, an old Belgian hobbled up. The man appeared to know him. He merely held the off stirrup, and looked at Garroway with understanding.

'Return, M'sieu,' he said. 'I am Francois, the groom, and Made-moiselle pays high at the auction. It is so.'

When the regiment entrained for Le Havre, and for home, Mr. Garroway, in deep thought, kicked his heels from the opened door of the box car. 'Ah, she is young, and women are fickle. I must return within the year. Good-bye Ghislaine. Good-bye Sunstar. Yes, if the Gods on Olympus smile, I will come back.'

Ghislaine stood in the roadway, and as distance, and tears dimmed the vision, she waved and waved good-bye. She could do so with much propriety since none could know but that her adieu was a general one. Again in the chateau she studied the lines of an unfamiliar London address. In imagination she substituted the christian name for that of her own: Ghislaine

Garroway! Ah, it was artistic. It was musical.

And in the chateau stables, fetlock deep in clean dry straw, a black with four white stockings stared out at nothing, the way of all horses.

The sabots of Francois the groom, clicked to the stable doorway. He glanced at the fast disappearing troop train, again at the upstairs window of the chateau, and lastly over the top half of the box stall door: 'C'est la guerre, cheval. C'est la guerre.'

Film Actor: "But look here, if he's going to throw me into the rapids how am I going to get out?" Producer: "Oh, that's all right you don't have to appear again!"

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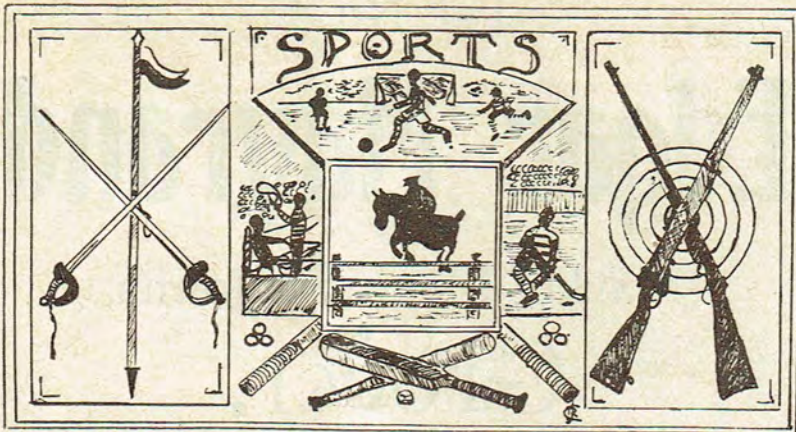
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RESULTS OF REGIMENTAL SPORTS (MOUNTED)

August 12th, 1928

Officers Jumping.

1st. Capt. Hammond, (on Sgt. Murphy) "B" Squadron.
2nd Major Baty, (on Bobs) "B" Squadron.
3rd Capt. Bate (on Golden Gleam) "B" Squadron.

Jumping O. R's.

1st L/Cpl. Jennings "B" Squadron.
2nd Tpr. Hutchings, "B" Squadron
3rd L/Cpl. Hood, "B" Squadron.

Officers' Tent Pegging

1st Lt. W. K. Chadwick "A" Squadron.
2nd Lt. C. C. Mann, "B" Squadron.
3rd Capt. L. D. Hammond, "B" Squadron.

Ring and Peg O.R's.

1st Cpl. Gilmore, "A" Squadron.
2nd Tpr. Stafford, "B" Squadron.
3rd Tpr. Hayes, "B" Squadron.

Tent Pegging Sections.

1st Cpl. Blake, Cpl. Nicholl, L/Cpl. Webb, Tpr. Cowell. "B" Squadron.
2nd S.S.M. Copeland, Sgt. Harding, Cpl. Hyder, Tpr. Ward, "B" Squadron.
3rd Cpl. Siggins, Cpl. Galloway, Tpr. Hayes, Tpr. Stafford. "B" Squadron.

V.C. Race.

1st Tpr. Ross, Tpr. Dooley, "A" Squadron.
2nd Tpr. Hayes, Tpr. Stafford, "B" Squadron.
3rd L/Cpl. Clarke, Tpr. Bold "A" Squadron.

The MacBrien Cup goes to "B" Squadron with total points 33. The MacBrien prize was won by Tpr. Stafford with a total of 7 points.

PETAWAWA CAMP SPORTS

August 18th, 1928.
(Dismounted Events)

High Jump

1st L/Cpl. Clark, 10, R.C.D.
2nd Tpr. Stafford, 5, R.C.D.
3rd Tpr. Washington, 3, R.C.D.

1 Mile Race.

1st Pte. Swick, 10, R.C.R.

2nd Pte. Carey, 5, R.C.R.
3rd Tpr. Ross, 3, R.C.D.

100 Yards.

1st Pte. Taylor, 10, R.C.R.
2nd Pte. Kelly, 5, Services.
3rd Pte. Strudwick, 3, R.C.R.

Tug-O-War.

1st, R. 22nd, R.

880 Yards.

1st Pte. Swick, 10, R.C.R.
2nd Pte. Carey, 5, R.C.R.
3rd Tpr. Ross, 3, R.C.D.

220 Yards.

1st Pte. Taylor, 10, R.C.R.
2nd Pte. Reid, 5, R.C.R.
3rd Pte. Palmer, 3, R.22.R.

3 Miles Race.

1st Pte. Swick, 10, R.C.R.
2nd Pte. MacDonald, 5, R.C.R.
3rd Pte. Carey, 3, R.C.R.

*Three Legged Race.

1st L/Cpl. Clark, Tpr. Washington, R.C.D.
2nd L/Cpl. Stewart, Pte. Lafond, R. C.R.

440 Yards.

1st Pte. Taylor, 10, R.C.R.
2nd Pte. Campbell, 5, R.C.R.
3rd Pte. Reid, 3, R.C.R.

*Wheel-Barrow Race

1st L/Cpl. Clark, Tpr. Randle, R. C.D.
2nd L/C. Harvey, Pte. Clark, R.C.R.

Relay Race.

1st R.C.R.
2nd, R.C.D.

Note (*) No points awarded for 3-Legged or Wheel-Barrow races.

HQ RCA RCD RCR R22R

High Jump	—	—	18	—	—
1 Mile race	—	—	3	15	—
100 yards	5	—	—	13	—
Tug-O-War	—	—	5	—	10
880 Yards	—	—	3	15	—
220 yards	—	—	—	15	3
3 Miles race	—	—	—	18	—
440 yards	—	—	—	18	—
Relay Race	—	—	5	10	3
Grand total	5	—	34	104	16

INDIVIDUAL POINTS

Pte. Swick, R.C.R.,	30
Pte. Taylor, R.C.R.	30
Pte. Carey, R.C.R.	13
L/C. Clark, R.C.D.	10
Pte. Reid, R.C.R.	8
Tpr. Ross, R.C.D.	6
Pte. MacDonald, R.C.R.	5
Pte. Campbell, R.C.R.,	5
Tpr. Stafford, R.C.D.	5
Pte. Kelly, R.C.A.S.C.	5
Tpr. Washington, R.C.D.	3
Pte. Strudwick, R.C.R.	3
Pte. Palmer, R.22ndR.	3

Mounted Events

(Other Ranks Jumping)

1st L/Cpl. Jennings, R.C.D.
2nd Tpr. Bold, R.C.D.
3rd Bdr. Crowin, R.C.H.A.

Officers Tent Pegging

1st Lt. Panet, R.C.H.A.

2nd Lt. Gillespie, R.C.D.
3rd Lt. Plow, R.C.H.A.

Ring and Peg. Other Ranks

1st Bdr. Garnet, R.C.H.A.
2nd Bdr. Gunter, R.C.H.A.
3rd Tpr. Hayes, R.C.D.

Officers Jumping

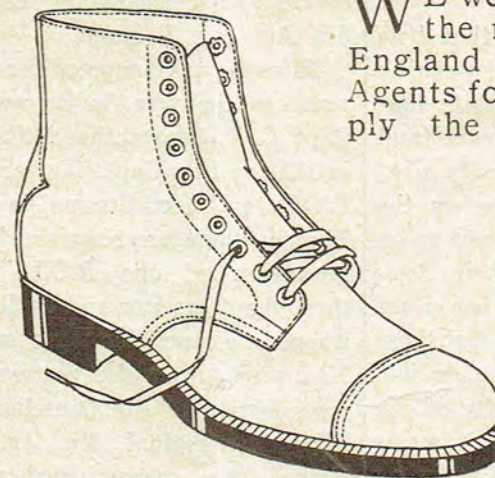
1st Major Baty, R.C.D.
2nd Capt. Bate, R.C.D.
3rd Capt. Evans, R.C.H.A.

Section tent Pegging

1st 'A' Bty. R.C.H.A.
2nd "B" Bty. R.C.H.A.

V. C. Race.

1st "A" Bty. R.C.A.H.
2nd 3rd Med. Bty. R.C.A.
3rd "B" Bty. R.C.H.A.



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Baseball

While there is no wish to offer an alibi for the defeat of the Regimental Team in the Petawawa Camp Baseball Series, which was won by the R.C.A., the general opinion is that we might have given a better account of ourselves than we did. The fact is that the committee elected to select the team did not function; whenever one of them did voice his disapproval the protest was ignored. This high-handed action on the part of one or two should be discouraged when the Regiment is competing against well organized teams and we hope that next year the committee will be left alone to handle the job assigned to them.

Football

It is sometimes said that "no man is indispensable" but we think we are right when we state that 'A' Squadron Football team (and the regimental as well) sadly missed the late Tpr. Gordon on the line-up. The exhibition put up on the night of August 20th in Petawawa against 'B' shows that either we haven't got a team or that those running it don't know their job. Considering the popularity of the game among the troops it seems strange we still have to reply on the old-timers who have been playing for the past twenty years and who don't get over the bumps and knocks now as easily as they did years ago. What are the younger members of the Squadron doing to hold up the reputation of the squadron? Are they satisfied to sit on the side-line with cigarettest in their mouths and watch the old-timers limping around the field? Remember the quality of our team reflects the quality of the Squadron and before the former can be improved new blood must forthcoming.

Next time you're asked to play for the troop don't say you're going to have a sleep this afternoon.

In the Camp Football there were three teams entered, viz: The R.C.A., The R.C.D., and The R.C.R. two games being played with each team. The standing previous to our game with the R.C.R. on Friday, August 17th was if we won the game there would result a three-cornered tie. As it hap-

pened we drew with them and they were declared the winners of the league.

6th Artillery Brigade Challenge Cup.

The Annual Steeplechase for the above mentioned trophy was held on Drury Plain, Petawawa Camp on the afternoon of Sunday Aug. 19th 1928, and was won by Capt. M. Drury, R.C.D. on his Thoroughbred Charger 'Apple of Sodom.'

This trophy was presented by the 6th Artillery Brigade (Montreal) for annual competition in a Steeplechase, eligible to Officers of the Permanent and Non-permanent Active Militia riding their bona-fide chargers or a horse the property of the Government, over a course to be selected by the O.C. 6th Artillery Brigade.

This cup was competed for twice prior to the war, being won by Capt. C. F. Constantine, R.C.H.A. in 1913 and by Capt. Walker Bell, R.C.D., on 'Demi-Strome' in 1914. The cup therefore remained in the possession of the R.C.D. Mess throughout the war and until 1927 when the competition was resumed. Meanwhile, upon the post-war reorganization of the Canadian Militia the original 6th Artillery Brigade was reconstituted as the 2nd Artillery Brigade. In 1927 the O.C. 2nd Artillery Brigade granted permission for the race to be held at Petawawa over a course to be selected by the O.C. R.C.H.A. Brigade, when it was won by Lieut. E. C. Plow, R.C.H.A.

This year the race was run under similar conditions and as a result of Captain Drury's win the cup will again return to the R.C.D. Mess for one year.

The race was about two miles in length, over six jumps and ten officers, including entries from the R.C.D., R.C.H.A., R.M.C., R.C.A.-S.C. and Lieut. Sullivan, 16/5th Lancers, attached to the R.C.D., who was riding a 'B' Squadron horse. Riders had to weigh in at 170 lbs plus 10 lbs for thoroughbreds.

Captain James got the riders away to a good start and there was a general scramble for position until after the first jump. Major Sawers on 'Plaudmore-Saintly' was leading at the second jump but came to grief, taking a severe

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tumble. Mr. Grant, R.M.C. was also eliminated by a fall at this jump. Capt. Hammond on 'Bubbles' and Capt. Evans, R.C.H.A., were leading at the third jump but both ran out and Capt. Drury and Lieut. Sullivan took the jump neck and neck, the former then taking the lead.

Captain Hammond had the misfortune to lose his weight bags and was therefore disqualified although he crossed the winning point several horses lengths ahead of Capt. Drury. He had informed Captain Drury of this fact and the latter

made no effort to race him but contended himself to keeping a safe distance in front of the remainder of the field. Capt. Evans, whilst running third, fell at the fourth jump. Capt. Drury crossed the winning point about four horses lengths ahead of Lieut. Sullivan whilst Lieut. E. de L. Panet, R.C.H.A., finished third, Lieut. Plow, (last year's winner) and Lieut. Morris, R.C.H.A., and Capt. Black, M.C., R.C.A.S.C. also ran.

After the race Mrs. Boak presented the cup and congratulated the winner.

St. Catherine Horse Show.

The St. Catherine's Horse Show held on the grounds of the St. Catherine's Riding and Driving Club opened on Wednesday July 11th and was to have continued for four days, but on Friday the weather was so bad that the last two days of the programme were postponed until the following Monday and Tuesday.

There were a large number of entries consisting of horses from some of the best known stables in Canada and the United States, including those of Sir Clifford Sifton, R. S. McLaughlin, Ameilius Jarvis, Dufferin Construction Co., The Royal Canadian Dragoons, Mr. Geo. Rand, Niagara on the Lake, Lieut. Sheets, U.S. Cavalry, Niagara on the Lake. The 2nd Dragoons, Mrs. Byers, Unionville, N.Y., Mrs. Lethworth, Buffalo N.Y., Troop I. National Guard, Buffalo and many others

This was the second year of the show and the President G. N. Bernard, Esq., the Secretary Miss Dorothy B. Myers and the Superintendent Mr. W. E. Newman and every member of the Executive deserve great credit for the large and high quality of the entries, and for the creditable manner in which the show was carried through to a successful climax in spite of the difficulties experienced as a result of the bad weather. It also speaks well for the sportsmanship of the exhibitors in noting the fact that although the show had to be postponed for three days they allowed their horses to remain in St. Catherine's in order to complete the programme.

Last year the Show was held in the Fall, in an indoor arena, but this year in the open on the property recently acquired by the Riding and Driving Club. This show should have a happy future as it is conveniently located between Hamilton and Niagara Falls, with easy access for exhibitors from Toronto or Buffalo and from the camp at Niagara on the Lake.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons sent in a string of horses and in spite of the stiff entries took a fair share of the ribbons, Capt. S. C. Bate, on his International jumper "Golden Gleam" winning the two outstanding jumping events of the

programme, namely, the "touch and out," in which class he had to jump off twice before being declared the winner and the Jumping Stakes over course "A", which he won with a half fault against him. In the former there were about 50 entries, but owing to the poor light the majority of them came to grief on the second jump of the course the triple, in and out. Major Baty and Lieut. Mann also rode in this class but shared the fate of the majority of the competitors. In the latter (Jumping Stakes) there were about 30 entries, including Capt. Hammond, Lieut. Mann, and Tpr. Hayes, riding "Pride of Erin" Hayes put up an exceptionally fine ride, and, after a jump off, was awarded fourth ribbon.

The Officers Charger class was won by Major Baty, on "Bobs" with Capt. Bate on "Boyne" second. Major Bally, 2nd Dragoons, riding Colonel Eaton's "Ballyme-

na, third and I Troop, Buffalo, N.Y. fourth.

The officers Charger Class, open to Non-Permanent Militia only, was won by Colonel Eaton's "Ballymena" with I Troop, Buffalo, second and third.

Our Hunt team, consisting of Captain Bate on Golden Gleam, Capt. Hammond on Sergeant Murphy and Major Baty on Bobs gave the third best performance of the class but were awarded fourth ribbon on conformation. It is no disgrace to be placed fourth with the Sifton, McLaughlin and Jarvis teams ahead.

Our entries in the Pair Hunters, Major Baty on Bobs and Captain Hammond on Sergeant Murphy, Captain Bate on Bachelors Gold and Lieut. Mann on Pocohontas both came to grief, in this event. Captain Hammond furnished the sensational spill of the show but fortunately was unhurt.

In the N.C.O.s. and Troopers

performance, open Sgt. Major Lyne, R.C.A.V.C. was placed first and second with Trumpeter Hutchings third and Cpl. Blake fourth. Some very excellent performances were made in this class.

In the N.C.O.s. or Troopers mounts Sgt. Sayger on his old time favourite "Mickey" was a popular first with Cpl. Siggins, Sergt. Harding and Cpl. Nickle second, third and fourth.

Miss Becky Lanier rode Captain Bate's Golden Gleam, in the Ladies Hunter class, and gave by far the best jumping performance, and

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after the judging for conformation was awarded fourth ribbon, and Lieut. Mann riding Mrs. E. H. Wright's entry in the Road Hacks, also received a fourth.

We had several entries in various other Hunter classes but failed to gain a ribbon.

We have every reason to be proud of our novice entries, namely Lieut. Mann with 'Pocohontas,' Capt. Bate's 'Bachelor's Gold' and the Squadron entry 'Beulah.' With a little more experience these horses should go far in the Show ring.

The Judges were—Mr. George Elliott of Toronto and Mr. J. Brownridge, Brampton.

Major Widgery was on the job again as Ringmaster and Sgt. Maj. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M., proved a very valuable assistant, whilst Q.M.S.T. Travers officiated on the trumpet.

Struggle for Channel Ports

(Continued from page 16)

in stories of heroism, there are few to rival the narrative of a Captain Pryce and his Grenadiers, who went into action east of Hazebrouck, and who fought to the last man. So desperate was the

fighting that, on one occasion Captain Pryce, with his own revolver, killed seven Germans in the course of clearing some houses (within 300 yards of which enemy field guns were firing over open sights. Later this gallant officer (who, after death, was awarded the V.C.) led a charge with 18 men and achieved his object. Still another charge became necessary, but Captain Pryce had now only 14 men. They charged again and were seen no more. As Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: 'They buried themselves in the grey of the German ranks and there remained.'

Such episodes as these were matched by other units, notably the Yorkshire Light Infantry, fighting near by. The full inspiring story of valour relating to that critical period which preceded the arrival at Hazebrouck of the 1st Australian Division, hurried northward from the Somme, will perhaps, never be told.

(Concluded next month)

This Month's Fairy Tale

Sergeants Coulter and Jewkes have offered to compensate the Can- teen for losses incurred (depreciation) during month of August.

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